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A Week in Hope
Pay Custer Each Saturday

Hope Star

VOLUME 34—NUMBER 219

(AP)—Mans Associated Press.
(NBA)—Mans Newspaper Enterprise Ass'n

HOPE, ARKANSAS, TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1933

Star of Hope founded 1899; Hope Daily Press,
1927; Consolidated as Hope Star, January 16, 1929.

WEATHER

Arkansas—Partly cloudy to
unstable Tuesday night and
Wednesday.

PRICE 5¢ COPY

Here and There

Editorial By Alex. H. Washburn

THE PRESIDENT (Replying to the National Democratic Committeeman from Alabama): I have received your telegram of July 3 in reference to the repeal of the 18th amendment.

I think I have made it abundantly clear that the platform of the Democratic party adopted last year should be carried out in so far as it lies in our power. The special session of the congress has already translated into law a great majority of the pledges made.

One of the pledges of the platform read as follows:

"We advocate the repeal of the 18th amendment. To effect such repeal we demand that the congress immediately propose a constitutional amendment to truly representative conventions in the states called to act solely on that proposal."

The congress has acted on this and many of the states are now engaged in holding elections for the conventions proposed.

Finally I have made it clear ever since my nomination a year ago that I subscribe to the Democratic platform 100 per cent.

In view of the fact that I have had so great a number of telegrams similar to yours, not only from your state but from Tennessee, Arkansas, Kentucky and others, I am taking the liberty of giving this message to you to the press. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, July 8, 1933

Washington, D. C.

X X X
I have two anonymous letters protesting against our allowance of space to N. P. O'Neal, the anti-repeal advocate.

Mr. O'Neal seems to annoy some people terribly. But they remain anonymous. One of these writers advises us to "devote all this good space to other matters . . . let us say baseball."

I am surprised. I thought Mr. O'Neal was making it interesting enough for everybody. Certainly it is interesting to him. Every time he comes to bat he imagines he has hit a home run. Certainly it is interesting to me. Everytime I pitch to him I imagine he's struck out.

Mr. O'Neal may tire some people. This newspaper will be tiresome to others. But either of us is anonymous.

Arkansas is going to the polls next Tuesday to vote on an historic national issue—repeal of the 18th amendment.

The only way the people have of making up their minds how to vote is to follow a public debate. This is a function of self-government and Mr. O'Neal is due credit for upholding one side of the question. The newspaper is due no credit whatsoever for extending him space. This is the privilege of any citizen writing on a public question.

X X X
Arkansas goes to the polls next Tuesday.

Mr. O'Neal says we must either vote to retain the 18th amendment or vote to return whisky and the open saloon to Arkansas.

If Mr. O'Neal correctly states the case, then both major parties are racing. Both went on record last year favoring submission of repeal of the 18th amendment in the belief that a compromise is due on the liquor question—trading liquor-control for liquor-prohibition.

If Mr. O'Neal is correct, the 18th amendment is final and cannot be voted on at all.

The majority of the American people don't believe that.

Nash's Widow Is Held for Murder

Under Arrest at Kansas City for Massacre of Five

WASHINGON.—(P)—Mrs. Frank Nash, widow of the convict who was killed in Kansas City union station by machine-guns murderers, is under arrest in Kansas City after having gone there voluntarily from Wenona, Ill., the Department of Justice announced Tuesday.

She will be held on a charge of obstructing justice in connection with the killing of Nash and four officers who were returning him to Leavenworth June 11.

No Foregone Conclusion

"It is not a foregone conclusion that this program will be adopted. It has been repeatedly emphasized that unless a sufficient amount of acreage is offered to reduce substantially the production of this year's crop, the program will not be adopted."

"The amount of acreage reported to us Saturday is not, in my judgment, sufficient to put the program into operation. Unless more producers join in the plan, its acceptance is in doubt."

Oklahoma Voting on Beer Tuesday

Drys Doubtful, But Continue Drive for Votes

OKLAHOMA CITY.—(P)—Confident of victory at the polls Tuesday, the 3.2 beer forces made preparations Monday for hasty slaking of Oklahoma's 26-year thirst.

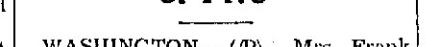
Refusing to make predictions as to the outcome of the election, the anti-beer cohorts bent their efforts toward getting on the dry vote.

The Rev. A. M. Jayne, head of the prohibition thousands, asserted:

"They have everything screwed up and in the bag, from their way of thinking, but we still are going to get all the votes that are for prohibition out to the polls."

Heading his anti-beer speaking campaign was Bishop James Cannon, Jr., who will return to Washington after making three speeches Monday.

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS:
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



G LADY'S PARKER

A good correspondent can speed up the males.

(Continued on page three)

INDUSTRY IN CABINET

Acreage Deadline Wednesday Night; Result Doubtful

Secretary Wallace Says Total Reduction Is Insufficient

DRIVE IS CLOSING Meetings Tuesday and Wednesday Last for Hempstead

With cotton riding at the highest level in two years acreage reduction workers were making a desperate effort Tuesday to rewrite local contracts for a 50 per cent instead of a 25 per cent cut and put Hempstead county over its goal before the deadline closed down Wednesday night on the government's program.

Cotton gave ground slightly Tuesday, but not until New York October contracts touched a new high for the season, 10.96. Reactions pushed the price down for a close of 10.83-84, a net loss of six points from Monday's close of 10.89.

Emergency Agriculturist Frank Stanley and other representatives of the County Acreage Reduction Committee are making a last-minute drive in the county Tuesday and Wednesday, addressing township rallies and making new contracts and remaking old ones to attain a 50 per cent reduction. Contract blanks may be had at Hope city hall.

Fate Still Doubtful

WASHINGTON.—(P)—Secretary Wallace in a statement Monday night urged the South to speed up the signing of contract offers to reduce their cotton acreage after reports were received by farm administrators of a sharp letdown in responses from growers following Saturday's announcement by them that the program is an "unqualified success."

Wallace said that unless greater acreage is offered the program still might fail. The campaign to obtain agreements was to have closed Wednesday night, but an extension for the remainder of the week was expected.

"There has come to my attention today a report that certain agencies are advising the cotton producers in the South that the acreage reduction program will be declared effective regardless of whether additional acreage is offered," Wallace said.

"The statement I made Saturday that 5,566,163 acres have been offered for reduction specifically pointed out that the goal has not yet been reached. I further stated Saturday that assuming the total acreage ought to be reduced 25 per cent, we are little better than half way to the goal on the basis of incomplete field reports.

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Repeal Flayed at Prohi Rally Here

Sergeant York III—But Dr. E. O. Heath Speaks at Oglesby

High officials of the repeal forces were flayed by Dr. E. O. Heath, pastor of Winfield Methodist church of Little Rock, in an address at a prohibition rally held at 4 o'clock Monday afternoon at Oglesby schoolyard.

Sergeant Alvin York, World war hero was to stump the state for the dry cause and who was scheduled to deliver the principal address, was stricken by illness and unable to attend. He sent a message through Dr. Heath, saying that illness prevented him from leaving his Nashville, Tenn., home.

Dr. Heath attacked Postmaster General Farley for his action in urging that Arkansas and Alabama, first of the traditionally dry states to vote on the 18th amendment, to join with northern and eastern states which have voted for repeal.

Dr. Heath stated that if Arkansas will stand by her colors in the July 18 election and remain dry it will encourage other southern states to uphold prohibition.

A crowd estimated at between 150 and 200 persons attended. Dr. J. L. Cannon, pastor of Hope First Methodist church, started the rally by introducing the Rev. E. T. Miller, pastor of 28th Street Methodist church, Little Rock.

The Rev. Mr. Miller spoke briefly. He was followed by Miss Moody, Little Rock W. C. T. U. worker. Miss Moody is well known in Hope, having visited her frequently in the interest of W. C. T. U. and other educational work.

Dr. Heath was introduced and spoke for about an hour. His speech was well received. Amplifiers carried his voice to the crowd from the speakers' platform.

The Rev. A. M. Jayne, head of the prohibition thousands, asserted:

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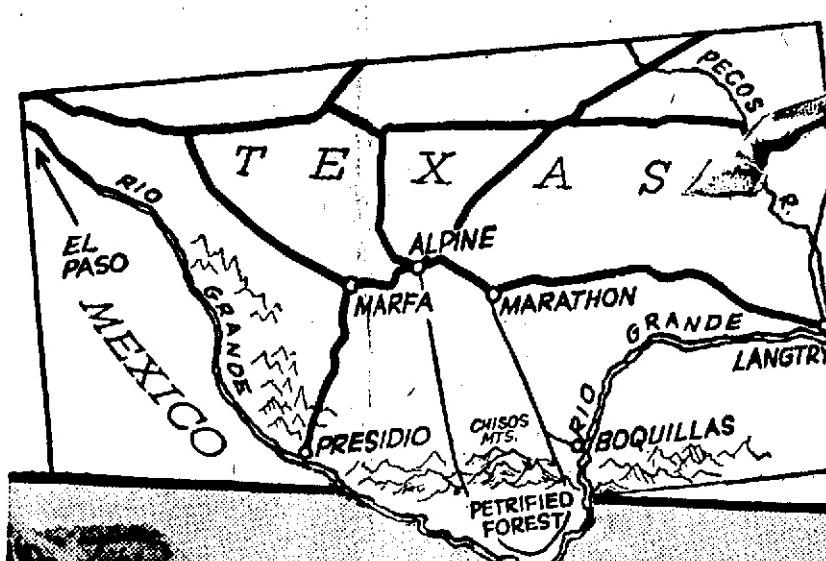
Trade Conference to Discuss Silver

Limited Amount of Monetary and Debt Debate Allowed

London, Eng.—(P)—The steering committee of the world economic conference Tuesday adopted a report declaring that the parley will discuss silver and questions of indebtedness and any such other subjects as subcommittees agree can be considered without discussion.

LISBON.—(P)—The Portuguese department of health has been authorized to collaborate with the Rockefeller Foundation in modernizing and developing national health services.

Old Feud Flares Again on Big Bend, Texas—the Last Frontier



Greene Endorsed for Veteran Post

Former Hope Man Candidate for Board of Review on Compensation

Endorsement of John H. Greene, native of Hope and formerly prominent in the business life of this community, for an advisory post in the reviewing of World war veterans' claims for compensation, was given late Monday by three local organizations in telegrams to Senators Joe T. Robinson and Hattie Caraway.

The telegrams, signed by J. C. Hall, commander of Leslie Huddlestone post American Legion; Joe R. Floyd, secretary Hope Chamber of Commerce; and Roy Anderson, secretary Hope Rotary club, read as follows:

"We hereby urge you to use all your influence to secure the appointment of John H. Greene as one of the three members of the special Review Board to be set up in the regional office of the Veterans Administration at Little Rock for the purpose of reviewing claims of veterans under the presumptive clause of the World war veterans act."

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The Old West Lives Again on Rio Grande

Mexican Bandit Chief and Hardy Texans Battle for Control of Untamed Area

Editor's Note: This is the first of five stories on the Big Bend country of Texas, America's last frontier, by Harry McCormick, special correspondent for NEA Service and Hope Star.

**BY HARRY McCORMICK
NEA Service Writer**

Romance and adventure ride again on the nation's last frontier, the Big Bend country of Texas—the last untamed area of the old Wild West—where it is still the case that a man's life often depends on his ability to shoot quick and shoot straight.

I have just returned from a trip through this mountainous wilderness, as large as several New England states, which rises abruptly from the level plains of west Texas. It lies within the hollow of the huge bend made by the curving Rio Grande and thereby gets its name.

Except for isolated cattle ranches here and there, and tiny towns 50 miles apart on narrow mountain roads, the Big Bend country today is little different from what it was when pioneers braved the Indians to enter it a century ago.

Lofty mountains rear their majestic heads in silent grandeur over the narrow river that winds its snake-like way through the canyons far below; scrubby mesquite and cactus cling to their rocky sides, mountain lions and panthers roam the underbrush and rattlesnakes as thick as a man's ankle wriggle among the sun-baked rocks.

And now a new chapter is being written in the Big Bend's long and colorful history—a chapter almost equally as dramatic as those of guns and bloodshed and cattle rustlers and bad men that have gone before it.

The long-standing feud between American ranchers and Candelario Baeza, the wily old Mexican bandit who rules the wild country just across the border, has been renewed. The trouble started recently when Art Hannold and John Rollins, ranchers, were lured across the border by Candelario and made captive, after a plot to have them slain had failed. Eventually, they were released.

There is prospect of more trouble. Recent withdrawal of U. S. army troops from their post at Marfa, Texas, in the interest of economy, has made Candelario bolder, as evidenced by the case of Hannold and Rollins, and further border raids by his band appear.

Can't for the life of me see how it will be sound government to turn this country over to the Indians.

O'Neal Says Fines Balance Account

Declares Revenue Argument False—Householder Fights the Bill

Editor The Star: More figures. They were in the "Here and There" column yesterday, but they don't give you both sides. Only one is given, and that the total costs it does not state, I stated, that the rum-runners, bootleggers and whisky-peddlers have paid fines into the treasury of the United States to offset all those costs of enforcement except \$11,000,000 per year or 10 cents for each of us.

It costs a lot to run a brick plant a year and if I gave the total you would also expect me to say how much I sold for. Well, that's the one thing the wets just don't ever do—only the outgo, never the income, is given about prohibition figures by the wets.

Two Slash Each Other With Knives Tuesday Morning

A battle between two negroes, both armed with knives, occurred early Tuesday morning on the Missouri Pacific depot lawn.

Paul Nelson, one of the participants, was left with his throat cut and gashed about the left arm and shoulder.

The other negro, McKin

Hope Star

Opposite, Deliver Thy Herald From False Report!

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C. R. PALMER, President

A. H. WASHBURN, Editor and Publisher

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advertisements, and to furnish that check upon government which
is constitutionally given unto the people to provide."

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YOUR CHILDREN

by Olive Roberts Barton

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Jane worked with her tongue out.
The scissors snipped over the lines
her mother had drawn on the pink
muslin, although here and there they
scratched so sore was she intended and bit
out a V where a straight line should
have been.

She did her best and it was a good
best.

After a lot of effort the doll dress
was cut out. And then mother showed
her how to sew the seams together.
The stitches were an inch long and
crooked of course. But one could tell
by her tongue and fingers that every
sew of her little mind and body was
concentrating on production.

Entertaining Application

In an hour the dress was finished to
all intents and purposes. It looked
something like a halloween mask
crossed with a salt sack, but it was
a dress. It was more than that. If it was
the best dress Jane could make. No
Parisian couturier could turn out a
creation with more earnestness, ap-
plication and ingenuity.

She cut off the thread without fast-
ening it and, of course, some stitches
pulled out. That wasn't her fault. No
one had ever showed her about fast-
ening the thread.

Something was wrong. She was tired
too. She looked at the dress, then over
at the blue taffeta one on Greta's huc-
kley body.

Silently she rolled the pink one into
a ball and stuck it under a sofa pillow.
Then she went outside.

At lunch her mother said, "Where
is the little dress, Jane?"

"I threw it away. It wasn't any good."
"I'm sure it was. Let me see it."

"No."

"Why Jane! Please do. I don't ex-
pect it to be perfect. I have a reason
for wanting to see it."

"Bob will make fun of it."

Rewarding Bob Work

Her mother sent Bob a message with
her eyes. "Very well. If he does I'll
go and get the can of paint he thinned
with water to paint the steps with and
show it to somebody."

Bob squirmed.

Jane thought a minute, and then got
the dress, spread it out on the table-
cloth and stood silent. She was in an
agony of humiliation and abasement.
It's terrible. I can't sew. It's all crooked.
And it's coming to pieces.

Her mother took the small chin in
her hands. "Look here, my dear. Do
you know what I see? It isn't just a
dress, but a beautiful piece of hard
work done by a little girl who stuck to
something and finished it. No one
can do a thing right just at first. Not
even the tenth time."

"Come out here, you two." She
went to the kitchen. "I have made
this same cake dozens of times. To-
day I forgot something and it fell.
I'm not ashamed. If I felt everything
had to be perfect I should never work
at all."

"I would rather have you two chil-
dren conceited about what you can
do than to belittle everything you try."

So They Say!

If I knew that every state in the
union was going to vote for repeal of
the 18th amendment, it would not
change my attitude—Bishop James E.
Cannon, Jr., dry leader.

We shall secure repeal quite possibly
within the calendar year. If not, we
will have it by the middle of next
winter.—Rep. Jas. W. Wedsworth of
New York.

A conservative is one whose inter-
ests and likes and dislikes are per-
manent . . . he is willing to let well
enough alone.—Dr. Floyd Ruch, Uni-
versity of Illinois psychologist.

We always make the mistake of
thinking of man as a rational, intel-
lectual animal.—Clarence Darrow.

It's terrible to live up to. I don't
know anything much worse than being
publicly labeled handsome when
you are not.—E. Pendleton Hogan,
chosen as handsomest man at George
Washington University.

It takes a lot of patience to make
good in your chosen profession,
speaker told graduating class of young
doctors the other day. Yes, and a lot
of patients, too.

Everything should be all right in
Washington if the brain trust doesn't
fall victim to the brain rust.

Wayne Dinsmore, secretary of the
Horse Association of America, declares
use of horses is now increasing rap-
idly. Evidently that's one line of busi-
ness that has been stabilized.

All Eyes to the East



WASHINGTON LETTER

New Lobbyists Collecting

"Men Nobody Knows"

BY RODNEY DUTCHER
NEA Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON.—"The lobbyist no-
body knows" is becoming a familiar
character in Washington.

He's the fellow who pretends to
know everything and everyone and
his clients sit in the country fall for
the bluff. High officials find them-
selves constantly puzzled as he rushes
up to them, places his hand familiarly
on their shoulders and proceeds to in-
troduce Mr. So-and-So who has just
arrived in Washington. The only
thing wrong in that picture is that the
official never saw the lobbyist before.

This type and all the other types of
lobbyist are flourishing under the
"New Deal," especially in connection
with such organizations as the industrial
recovery, agricultural adjustment
and public works administrations.

All sorts of persons have appeared
as trade association representatives.
When they appear before administra-
tions anxious for up-to-date informa-
tion and figures they're likely to be out of luck.

New Deal Magazines

Credit the Roosevelt program with
the employment and inspiration created
by at least two new periodical pub-
lications: The Brewing Industry, bi-
weekly national organ of the brewing
and allied industries, which flourishes
now that beer is legal, and Happy
Days, authorized weekly newspaper of
the Citizens' Conservation Corps.

The Brewing Industry exults in the
huge amount of beer being sold, fully
records the pickup in the retail
and similar industries, boasts of big
beer tax revenues and assures the girls
that beer isn't fattening.

Happy Days is an even jollier affair,
dedicated to keeping the 215,000
dollar-a-day boys singing and smiling
while they work.

Ice Cream vs. Bologna

Too bad the worst C. C. C. food
riot had to break out at Camp Roose-
velt, first of the camps, at Luray, Va.

The Camp Roosevelt riot, it appears,
developed from a baseball game be-
tween that outfit and the boys of
Skyline camp. The Skyline fellows
are hosts, served ice cream. They bragged
that they had ice cream every day
and had saved \$400 from mess funds
—which was the bunk. The Luray
gang got home and found they were
having bologna and cheese. Then the
row began.

CHAPTER XXVI

BARGAIN BRIDE

by KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

ELINOR STAFFORD, 20, falls
in love with BARRETT COLVIN,

25, who has returned to New York
after years abroad. Barrett has
made a name for himself as an
archeologist. Elinor returns his
affection but her jealous, scheming
mother, LIDA STAFFORD, breaks up
the romance by convincing Barrett that Elinor is a
Bartender's daughter.

When Elmer's name, Miss

MARY STAFFORD, dies she leaves
her earlier fortune to Barrett.

Then drunken VANCE CARTER
shoots STANTWELL STAFFORD,

Elmer's father.

Barrett, who
does not want the Sexton for-
tune, tells the girl that if she
will marry him and live in his
home as a guest for a year he
will give the entire sum to her
to divide among the relatives.

Elinor agrees, knowing the money
may save her father's life.

The marriage takes place next
day. Barrett, still believing the
lie, tells the girl that if she
will marry him and live in his
home again in love with Elmer again.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXVII

BARRETT found Marcia as
nervous as an undisciplined woman
may be when she is forced to wait for the hour she dreads.

She was lying, surrounded by
many pillows, on an old French
sofa upholstered in turquoise.

Her face was very white and her
eyes seemed bigger and darker
than ever.

Barrett, coming in
from his walk in the brisk fresh
air, was stifled by the heat of
the room and the heavy odor of
tuberose, freesias and carnations.

Marcia drew his head down
kissed him and patted his cheek
with one small hand. All the
miserable morning—all her morn-
ings were miserable now—she
had tried to think only of his
happiness and to forget her fears.

But no matter how she tried she
could not manage it. Marcia
knew that if Elmer should find out
about Gerald, Barrett would
explain. And if he explained,
Elmer would be sure to tell her
mother. Or some friend. What
girl would not?

He shook his head. She had
forced him to make a promise
that might do away with any pos-
sibility of understanding between
him and Elmer.

She wiped the palms of her
small hands on a handkerchief
before she spoke. "The idea of
your telling Elmer about—Gerald
didn't!" she stated.

He made no answer. Rather
stupidly he fumbled for his cig-
arette case, brought it forth and lit
a cigarette. Then he puffed deeply,
staring absently at the small prick of heat from which
the faint blue smoke rose lazily
into the heavy air. He had had no
intention of telling Gerald's
story to Elmer, yet he did not
want to promise Marcia that he
would never tell her. A time
might come when Elmer would
ask questions and have every
right to know the truth.

"What particularly," he probed
as gently as he could, "is worry-
ing you, Marcia?"

She wiped the palms of her
small hands on a handkerchief
before she spoke. "The idea of
your telling Elmer about—Gerald
didn't!" she stated.

He shook his head. She had
forced him to make a promise
that might do away with any pos-
sibility of understanding between
him and Elmer.

For the first time in his life he
did not answer that call. She
rose as quickly as she could to
loathe him, to think of him with
a shudder.

"It is most unfair of you, Marcia,"
he said slowly. He moved toward
the hall.

"Barry!" she called, appealing.

For the first time in his life he
did not answer that call. She
rose as quickly as she could to
loathe him, to think of him with
a shudder.

"Where are you going?" she
exclaimed.

"To my wife," he answered
sternly.

"I haven't said one word about
your happiness—" she mur-
mured. She smiled grimly. She
had, perhaps, said several words
about his happiness. Time would
prove that.

Marcia was weeping when Dick
arrived. She had felt very ill all
day, she confessed. She was
frightened. He drew her into his
arms. Somehow, she added, voice
breaking, Barrett's marriage had
upset her.

Dick Radnor muttered his com-
plaint as his hand moved over
Marcia's hair. "I understand
that's dearest," he confided.

"You've hated the Stafford fam-
ily's dishonesty, paraded in the
way they tried to deceive old Miss
Ellie Sexton in order to get her
money, haven't you?"

"Is that quite fair?" he asked,
knowing he was acting a fool in
trying to reason with her.

Again she sat upright. "Is it
fair," she demanded bitterly, "for
me to pay and pay and pay for
the fact that I was a child—a
trustling child—craving warmth
and held down by an old man who
knew nothing of the needs of my
nature? And I believed you," she
ended with a change of tone, "when you said you would help
me!"

"Marcia," he went on gently,
"you should have some windows
open. Have you been out at all
today?"

"I'm not well enough," she an-
swered moodily. "You don't real-
ize how ill I am, Barrett. No."

"Haven't I tried to help you?"
Barrett asked.

"Get Go now and tell her!"

Do You Remember?

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mr. and Mrs. George Sandefur spent
yesterday fishing on Guerneville Lake.
It was stated on good authority that
Matt Cornelius wears the blue ribbon
for catching the largest fish at Bodie
Lake this week, which was a catfish
measuring 27 inches.

Misses Louise Betts, Bessie Crutch-
field, Hattie Crutchfield, Minnie Betts,
Nannie Purkins, Antoinette Delaney
and Evelyn McTee were members of
a party that enjoyed a hay ride about
town Thursday evening.

TEN YEARS AGO

Dr. G. E. Cannon and party arrived
home at an early hour this morning
after a trip to San Francisco and re-
turn by automobile. With Dr. Cannon
were Mrs. Cannon and their three
daughters, Misses Mary, Whifford and
Josephine Cannon, and Miss Tokio
Hutson.

Lamar Cox, Huber Kennedy and
John Wimberly spent yesterday in
Texarkana.

HOW THEY STAND

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION

SOCIETY

Mrs. SID HENRY
TELEPHONE 821

In Washington Square is a walled-in garden, a tiny plot of fragrance, the retreat of a beloved novelist—who makes of publicity over his sentiments—All. But on the wall is a bronze of the Herrick poem:

But walk about thin' own dear bounds
Not envying others' larger grounds;
For well thou know'st not th' extent
of land makes life but sweet content.

The wedding of Miss Allie Mae Reece of Evening Shade to J. O. Starnes is announced. The ceremony was performed on Saturday evening, July 8th.

Mrs. Vesey-Crutchfield left Monday morning for a visit with friends and relatives in Terrell, Texas.

Mrs. J. H. Hollis of Little Rock is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Horace Jewell and sister, Miss Linda Jewell.

The Young Women's Missionary Society of the First Methodist church, sponsored by Mrs. John Vesey held their July meeting Monday morning at 6:30 at Collier's Lodge, where the members met for a sunrise breakfast and a swim. A most tempting breakfast was prepared over an open fire, while the members were grouped about enjoying the beautiful sunrise and the morning air. After a refreshing swim, Miss Cornelia Whitehurst gave a most inspiring devotional followed by the Lord's prayer in unison. All business was postponed until the August meeting.

Mrs. J. L. Stringer and children left for a few days visit in Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Laster and baby Donald have returned from a visit with friends and relatives in Waco, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Lewis have returned from vacation trip to interesting points in North Arkansas.

Miss Ruth Allen is spending this week in Magnolia, the house guest of Mrs. Dale Dodson.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom McLarty and son Franklin and Esse White Jr. were Sunday visitors in Texarkana.

George Ruffin Marshall left Monday for a short visit with his parents and other home folks in Texarkana.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the First Methodist church held their July meeting at Three o'clock on Monday afternoon at the church, with the president Mrs. O. A. Graves presiding. The meeting opened with the song "Love Divine." Miss Mamie Briant gave a very helpful devotional on "Seeking Divine Companionship" basing her remarks on passage from the fourth and fourteenth chapters of St. John, followed by prayer by Mrs. Alice McMath, the devotional was closed with the singing of the "Holy Spirit." The regular business was dispatched with full report from all standing committees. The program was omitted so that all who desired might hear the lecture on Prohibition at the Oglesby School grounds.

Miss Eleanor Foster was hostess at a box supper on Sunday evening at Dyke's springs. Sixteen members of the younger set enjoyed Miss Foster's hospitality.

666
LIQUID TABLETS—SAVING
Checks Malaria in 3 days. Colds first
day, Headaches or Neuralgia in 30
minutes.

FINE LAXATIVE AND TONIC
Most Speedy Remedies Known.

Here's a picture that's faster by far, than anything Doug has ever done... now at the cooled—

SAENGER
NOW
Fighting!
Leaping!
Bounding!

Douglas
Fairbanks

In a picture that fairly "zooms" out of the screen into your lap... with a thrill a minute... that's—

"Mr.
Robinson
Crusoe"
exceptionally
good short
subjects

WED.-NIGHT
—15—

FREE
Hosiery Night

Through the co-operation of
**Geo. W. Robison
& Company**

We will give away to each of
the 6 lucky ladies
1 pair Phoenix Silk Hosiery

N Wash Suits Properly Laundered **50c**
ELSON HUCKINS

Chevrolet Equals Best in 2 Years

June Production Doubles That of June A Year Ago

Production of new Chevrolet cars and trucks in June more than doubled output for the corresponding month last year and was the largest single month's production in two years, W. S. Knudsen, president and general manager of the Chevrolet Motor Company announced today.

With a total output of 81,573 units, June compares with 36,142 in June last year and with 68,538 in May this year, previously the best month since June, 1931, Mr. Knudsen said.

He emphasized that the high June total was made possible only by the splendid morale and co-operation extended by the more than 36,000 employees now on the company payroll. Mr. Knudsen said he hoped through the share-the-work plan practiced by his company in recent years, to hold the employment curve flatter this summer than has been possible in past seasons.

Every effort has been made through the depression, he pointed out, to provide for the regular Chevrolet workers. Through regulating hours of work per week to retail demand, and by building up parts stocks in lean seasons, it has been possible for eleven months of each year since 1929 to hold Chevrolet payrolls to within ten per cent of the average of 32,500 men, Mr. Knudsen stated.

June production exceeding May is unusual in his company's experience, Mr. Knudsen said, since either April or May are normally peak months of the year.

on the other side of the ledger; and in one of my articles I asked especially for anybody, just anybody, wet or dry, sane or insane, to show any permanent good that ever came of the revenue paid in by the saloon-keepers, dive-runners and special-privileged class; and so far not one, not even our editor, has presumed to answer that question.

All of our people who can remember, or do remember, know that the revenue derived from the saloons is taken from the little children, wives, and mothers at home; and no one so far as we know can show us that it ever did any good for anybody, and yet we are told a thousand times a day, if you will listen, "We need the revenue, we need the revenue," and I am telling you if we had the revenue it would not do a particle of good in the world and would be taken from the homes where it should be spent, to be spent with the saloon-keepers.

I invite the attention of our readers to the special feature articles now appearing in our paper. It is simply a clear case of what the wetts bragging about what they are going to do, in Hempstead county and all over Arkansas if you and I so far forget ourselves as to vote wet on the 18th day of July. Please friends, remember just remember.

This is not a case of just repeal of the 18th amendment as I have said before, but is purely a wet and dry fight. If we vote for repeal we vote liquor and the saloon back on us. It is as certain as the sun shines. Most of the wet papers are using the expression, "Wets and Drys" only, and leaving out the camouflage.

N. P. O'NEAL.

YOUTHFUL ATHLETE

(Continued from Page One)

LONA ANDRE and Gall Patrick, a couple of beauties who made good in the movies, already know all the ropes of Hollywood and now they are learning about those on boats. Here they are practicing up for the summer yachting season.

A Wildernes Untamed Such is the gateway to the Big Bend country, the nation's last frontier. Its 20,000 square miles spread over five large counties that lie between the Pecos river on the north and east and the Rio Grande on the south and west, coming to a point where the Pecos flows into the Rio Grande some miles west of Del Rio.

Here are the Chisos mountains, whose lofty peaks bite into the blue Texas sky and stretch across the horizon as far as the eye can see. Here are the cactus, the rugged rocks, the chaparral thickets and countless thousands of acres as yet untrod by the foot of white man. Here, amid a galaxy of other wonders of nature, is a petrified forest.

The 50 miles that separate the tiny villages seem like a hundred over the winding, rocky roads.

The Big Bend country is three times the size of Belgium. Four of the smaller New England states could be thrown into Brewster county alone, and there would still be room. Yet, with only 20,000 inhabitants—less than a tenth to the square mile—this whole area contains less population than a few blocks in the crowded tenement districts of numerous large cities.

It is a country where every weed and every shrub has a thorn, where every reptile has a poisonous sting and where the Rio Grande tares man and beast to drink and then stings both in treacherous quicksand.

It is a place where the river that separates the United States from Mexico is in places only ankle deep—an area into which bad gringos have fled to hide from the law, where bad Mexicanos make raids across the border and where a six-shooter is still an offer.

One leaves Texas' modern cities behind and turns back the pages of history for more than a generation when he enters the Big Bend country. To reach the heart of it, he must travel dangerous mountain roads by auto—as I did—or by horseback, since the railroads that roar westward toward El Paso and southward into Mexico do not penetrate its wilds.

From San Antonio westward lie miles after miles of gently rolling prairie. Small farms dot the highway and break its tedium until one reaches Uvalde, Texas, the home of Vice President Garner.

Beyond Uvalde the scene changes; the sage brush and the chaparral grow thicker and the farms are further

Centuries of Conflict As the trail into this wilderness was blazed, small towns arose under the protection of the soldiers and the forts. Eventually, the Indians were driven out. Roads were built and ranches developed. The railroads followed, but on a scale which is still very limited today.

For years soldiers and Texas Rangers waged intermittent warfare with raiding bands of Mexican cattle rustlers from across the border. Twenty years ago there were several clashes between Americans and Mexican outlaws in which many men were killed.

And so, through 400 years, the history of the Big Bend country has been written with gunpowder and bloodshed. Still untamed, it remains today as the last vestige of the old Wild West.

And with the fued between the ranchers and the wily old Candelario now renewed, the sixshooter and the rifle may soon bring new chapters in the Big Bend's romantic history.

NEXT: Texas Rangers and the law of the six-gun in the Big Bend.

O'NEAL SAYS FINES

(Continued from Page One)

try over to the wets who have such a persistent, consistent, insistent record for breaking the law, especially those about prohibition. Our editor enjoins you to vote for sound government. I do, too, most emphatically, but will it be sound to give the wets a free hand?

Our editor makes mention of one county he knows that collected one million dollars a year from the liquor traffic in the way of revenue but does not say how much the drinkers paid in

— THIS CURIOUS WORLD —

The SABRE-TOOTH,
ANIMAL WHICH ROAMED
OVER THE UNITED
STATES IN THE
PREHISTORIC
DAYS,
KILLED ITS
VICTIMS BY
STABBING,
INSTEAD
OF BITING,

AT THE
BAY OF FUNDY, (AUTHOR KNOWS BEST AND NEWSPAPERS)
IN A SIX HOUR PERIOD THE TIDE BRINGS IN
AS MUCH WATER AS FALLS IN THE FORM OF
RAIN OVER THE ENTIRE UNITED STATES
IN A WEEK!

© 1933 BY REA GERVER, INC.

The SEVEN STARS

WHICH IN AMERICA ARE
CALLED THE BIG DIPPER,
ARE KNOWN IN EUROPE
AS THE PLOW OR CHARLES'S
WAIN! THE ROMANS
BELIEVED THEM TO BE
DRAFF-OXEN! THE ARABS
SAW THE STARS AS THREE
SISTERS MOURNING THEIR
DEAD BROTHER LYING
IN A SARCOPHAGUS

N. P. O'NEAL.

Georgia Governor Beats Road Board

Federal Judge Refuses Aid to Ousted Commissioners

GAINESVILLE, Ga.—(AP)—Ousted members of the Georgia State Highway Board Monday lost their attempt to break Governor Talmadge's martial law grip on the road department by federal intervention.

Adjutant General Lindley Camp and Jud P. Wilhoit, lone Highway Board member still holding his job, were also named in the Federal Court injunction.

Betts Graveyard

United States District Judge E. Marvin Underwood dismissed the suit for injunction brought by Capt. J. W. Barnett, ousted chairman, and W. C. Vereen, deposed member of the State day.

Truck Crop Sales Must Retire Loans

U. S. Field Inspector Barham Issues Warning Here

J. E. Barham, local field inspector for the Crop Production Loan Office with headquarters at Memphis, Tenn., has addressed the following letter to all crop production loan borrowers whose crops schedule included truck crops:

"In checking over the crop schedule you prepared when you applied for a crop production loan this spring, I notice you stated you were going to plant certain truck crops which it was anticipated you would sell and apply on your debt."

"This also applies to any fruit crop."

"In many instances, these crops are

now being offered for sale at curb

markets and other local points, and I

am writing you to call your attention to the fact that the cash received

should be applied on your loan, as

the loan itself was based, in part, upon

these crops."

"Remittance should be made payable to 'Treasurer of the United States,' and the envelope containing the remittance should be addressed to: Crop Production Loan Office, Memphis, Tenn.

"You should also attach to the re-

mittance a slip showing your name

exactly as you did when you obtained

your loan, together with your correct

postoffice address and loan number if

possible.

"You will, of course, be allowed

full credit for all unearned interest on

payments you send in.

"My own address is shown below if

you wish to communicate with me.

Bargain Fare To Little Rock Round Trip Rate About 1c Per Mile

Round trip excursion tickets on sale for all trains July 15 and 16. Return limit midnight Monday July 17. Chair cars and coaches only. Half fare for children.

Bargain Fare
Little Rock vs. New Orleans
Tickets—Information

C. E. CHRISTOPHER, Ticket Agent
Missouri Pacific R. R. Co.

MISSOURI
PACIFIC
LINES

"A Service Institution"

It's 70 in the SUNSHINE When it's 100 in the Shade.
Air-Cooled Diners and Lounge Cars on the SUNSHINE Special.

Protest Is Filed by Holly Springs

Declares It Hasn't Had Semi-Annual Meet in 18 Years

Protest against a report published from Bodow that the Holly Springs Singing Class had held the semi-annual singing convention for the last three or four years, was filed by the Holly Springs class with Hope Star Tuesday.

"We have not had the May singing since 1915, or 18 years," the Holly Springs statement said. "If they had said we cared for the annual, for the last 10 years except twice when Emmet and Bodow took it, they would have hit the nail on the head."

"Miss Merle only asked for the semi-annual in a kind way, thinking it might be our turn. We want to do the right thing about these conventions. We will gladly take off when it comes to our turn."

Oak Grove Cemetery

A graveyard working will be held at the Oak Grove cemetery Thursday, July 13, it was announced Tuesday. Interested persons are asked to appear early with hoes, to get the work done before the heat of midday.

**EXCURSION
SULPHUR, OKLA.**

FRISCO LINES

GO—Leave Hope 4:00 a. m. July 23rd
RETURN—Leave Sulphur 7:00 p. m. July 23rd.

\$1.50
ROUND TRIP

CHILDREN HALF FARE

For Additional Information,
ASK THE FRISCO AGENT

With me... my cigarette is a personal, intimate thing

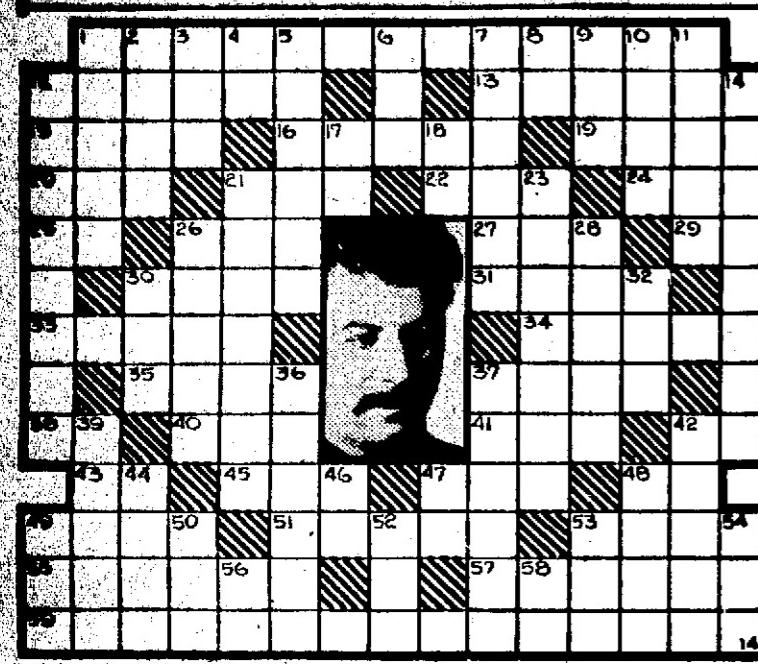
I suppose, men would call my reason for liking Luckies just a feminine whim. Maybe it is, but it's a whim that I love to indulge... for I am always conscious of the intimate relationship between my cigarette and my lips. And if there's anything I'm sensitive about, it's that feeling of feminine daintiness. Certainly, Luckies Please! I can well understand why men praise Luckies' fine tobacco character and mellow-mildness—but as for me—I value particularly the assurance of purity which "Toasting" brings—for, with me... my cigarette is a personal, intimate thing.

because "It's toasted"



Copyright, 1933<br

SOVIETDOM



HORIZONTAL

1 Who is the man in the picture? 11 Large water wheel.
12 Mahogany feather palm, 12 The woman in the picture is the secretary of the only legal political organization of his country? (pl.).
13 Ireland. 13 The pictured man is leader of the party.
14 The son of unbleached stuff. 17 You and me.
15 Yellow matter. 18 Half an em.
16 Cluster of shorn in wool staple. 21 One who goes barefoot in the wilderness.
17 Almonds. 22 Superior.
18 Yellow matter. 23 Distinct name.
19 Cluster of shorn in wool staple. 24 Twice.
20 Unbleached stuff. 25 Feminine pronoun.
21 Yellow matter. 26 The plane tree.
22 Cluster of shorn in wool staple. 27 Nominating meeting.
23 Unbleached stuff. 28 Abrupt point.
24 Twice. 29 To put in vigorous action.
25 Feminine pronoun. 30 Pattern.
26 The plane tree. 31 Toward.
27 Nominating meeting. 32 Snell.
28 Cluster of shorn in wool staple. 33 Beret.
29 Unbleached stuff. 34 Dance step.
30 Feminine pronoun. 35 Dawn of the 20th century.
31 English money. 36 Paid publicity.
32 Feminine pronoun. 37 Harkness.
33 Poems. 38 Above.
34 Errors of printing. 39 Below.
35 Dawn of the 20th century. 40 Harkness.
36 Paid publicity. 41 Harkness.
37 Harkness. 42 Harkness.
38 Above. 43 Harkness.

Scanning New Books

This Murder Tale Is Creepy and Out of the Ordinary

By BRUCE CATTON

One mystery story that might give you a few pleasant chills on a hot summer night is "He Arrived at Dusk," by R. C. Ashby (Macmillan; \$2).

This one has to do with funny business in an old English country house, the funny business being apparently caused by the ghost of a Roman centurion, dead there 1600 years and more. A young London curio-shop owner gets mixed up in it and tells his friend, the Scotland Yard man; and it's all explained satisfactorily in the end, but not before a bit of blood is spilled and a lot of excitement is stirred up.

Taken by and large, it's a satisfactory yarn of the creepy variety.

It was inevitable that someone would sooner or later work the Century of Progress affair into a detective tale. John Ashenhurst has done it in "The World's Fair Murders" (Houghton-Mifflin; \$2), telling how a distinguished European scientist gets plugged in full sight of thousands of visitors at the Fair, how a mysterious death ray

Rent It! Find It!
Buy It! Sell It!

With—

HOPE STAR
WANT ADS

The more you tell.
The quicker you sell.
1 insertion, 10c per line
minimum 30c

These rates for consecutive insertions.

3 insertions, 6c per line
minimum 50c

6 insertions, 5c per line
minimum 90c

26 insertions, 4c per line
minimum \$3.12

(Average 5½ words to the line)
NOTE—Want advertisements accepted over the telephone may be charged with the understanding that the bill is payable on presentation of statement, before the first publication.

Phone 768

WANTED

WANTED: Chickens, eggs, cream, aluminum, copper, brass, radiators, junk batteries, beeswax, lead, cast iron. Highest price. Hope Produce Co. 6-29-26c.

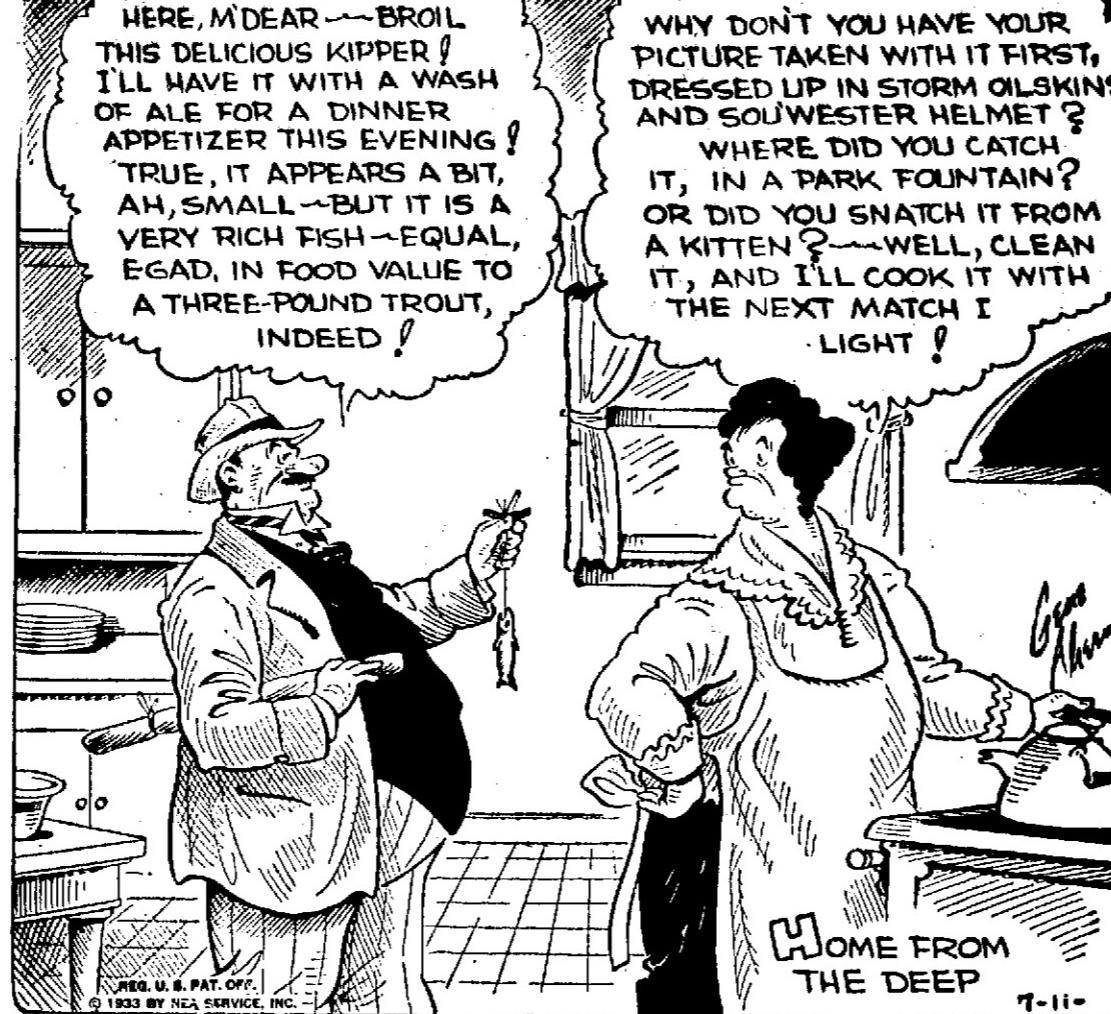
LOST

LOST—On Hope and Lewisville road 32x6 Acme Tire mounted and new Dual Chevrolet Truck wheel. Reward for return. E. L. Archer, care Loreco Service Station 10-3tp



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN

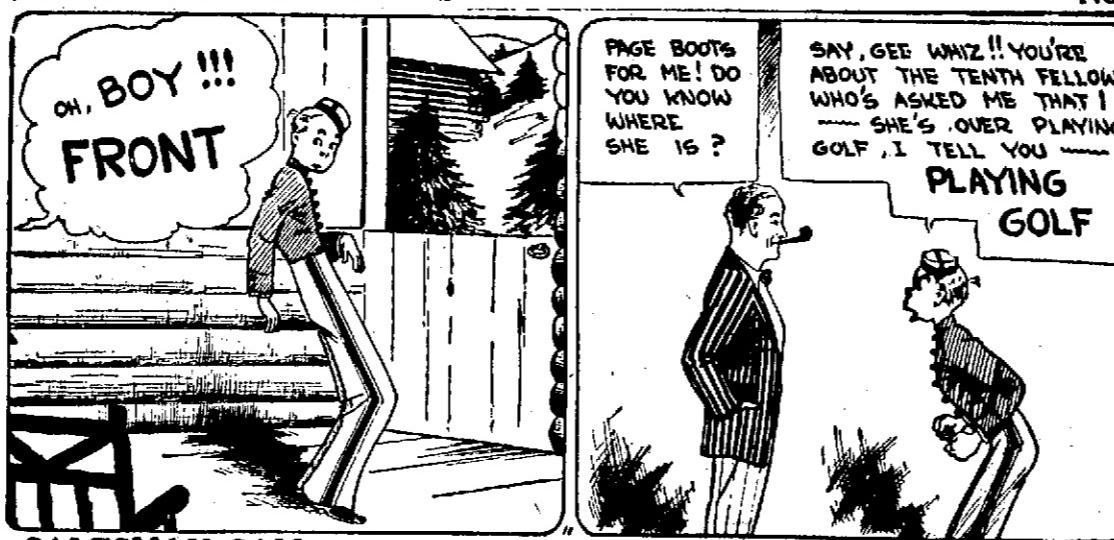


OUT OUR WAY



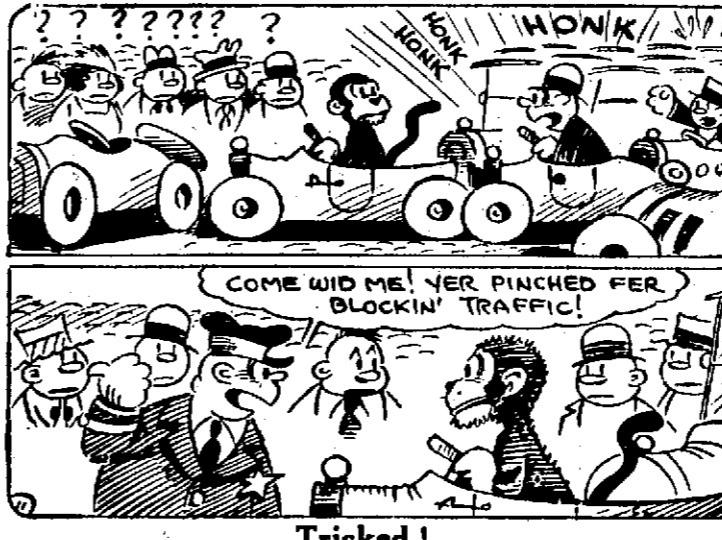
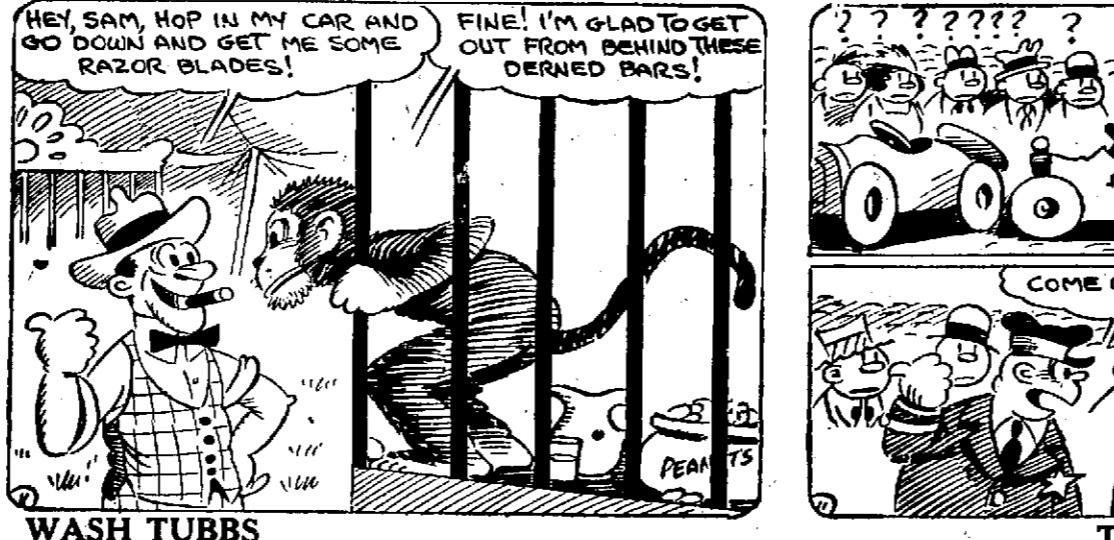
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Not So Bad!



SALESMAN SAM

From Bad to Worse!



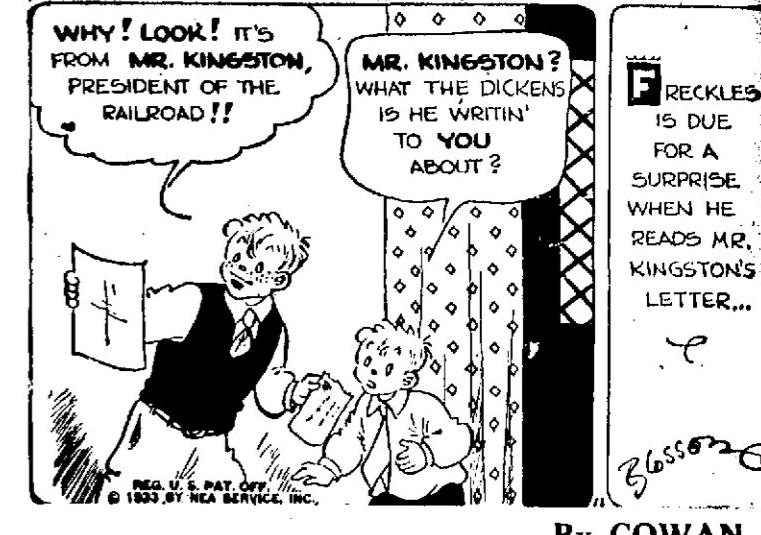
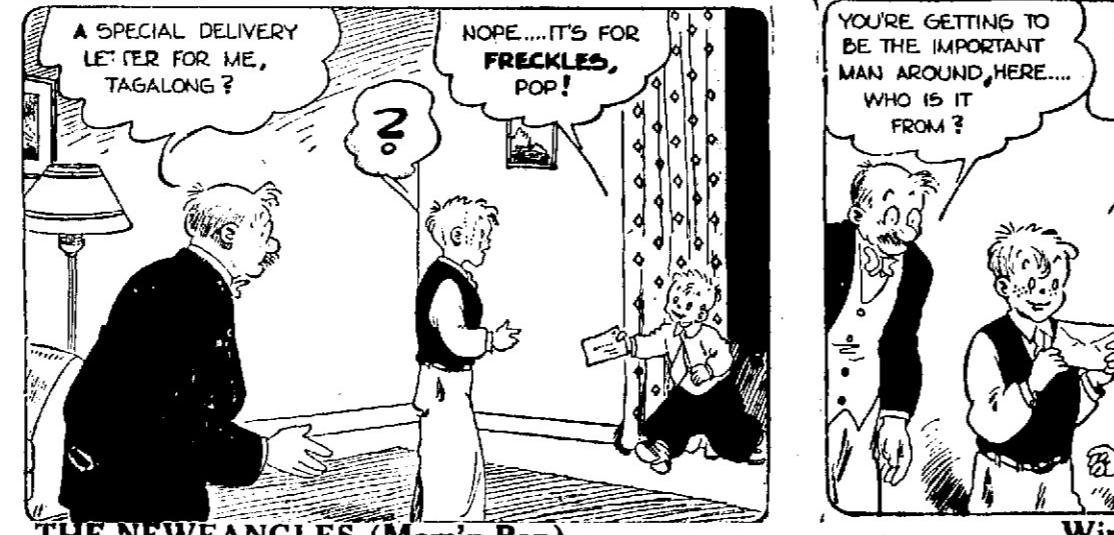
WASH TUBBS

By SMALL



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

They're All Curious!



THE NEWFANGLES (Mom'n Pop)

Wires Crossed!

